

### A View of Washington in 1852.

Drawn from nature by A. Sachse of Baltimore. The Washington monument is represented as finished, with the ornate base originally intended, and the wings of the Capitol as completed.

of Washington naturally sought residence in its neighborhood, and within a stone's throw were housed the most of the notable people of the city. There were the Seatons, Bradleys, Taylors, McGuires, Weightmans, Wallachs, Fendalls, Hellens, Blakes, Grammars, Browns, Halls, Guntons, Forces, Keys, Parkers, Coxes, Bentons, Davidges, Towers, Perrys, Maurys, Shusters, Carlises, Lenoxes, Oulds and Bacons.

The leading statesmen of the period, including "The Great Triumvirate," Clay, Webster and Calhoun, all quartered here.

Daniel Webster lived in his own house on Louisiana avenue, near 6th street, next to the Unitarian Church, now the Police Court. The Unitarian Church in those days had much celebrity as the place where Rev. William E. Channing, Dr. Dewey and other famous divines were heard.

John C. Calhoun staid at Mrs. Read's boarding house, on C street between 4½ and 6th streets.

Henry Clay for many years, and until his death, occupied rooms on the C street side of the National Hotel.

President Buchanan, prior to his inauguration, had rooms in the National on C street.

It was at this time that the mysterious "National Hotel disease" occurred, when Buchanan, with many others, was taken sick and several died. It was charged at first that an attempt had been made to poison Buchanan, but it was decided finally that the sickness came from defective sewerage.

Thomas H. Benton lived for many years in his spacious house on C street between 3d and 4½ streets.

In the fifties Edwin M. Stanton, afterwards the great War Secretary, came to Washington and set up his law office on C street between 4½ and 6th streets.

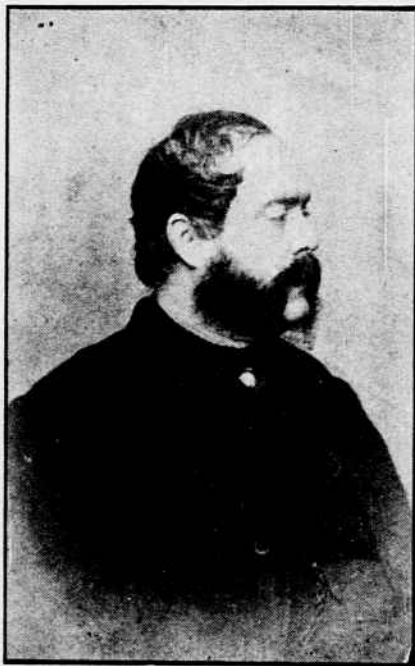
Most of the bank presidents lived here, including shrewd old G. C. Grammar, who used to say, "Fools build houses and G. C. Grammar buys them."

Nearly all the men who have served as mayors of Washington have been residents of this charmed circle: Dr. Blake, Jos. Gales, W. W. Seaton, Gen. R. C. Weightman, Peter Force, John W. Maury, Richard Wallach, Walter Lenox, John T. Towers, Sayles J. Bowen and M. G. Emery.

Richard Wallach, known affectionately as "Dick" Wallach, and his close friend, Walter Lenox, occupied bachelor quarters at the corner of 6th street and Louisiana avenue, until Wallach married the beautiful Rose Brown.

In this neighborhood lived Franck Taylor, who kept the leading book store in Washington. He was born in England, in 1813, and came to Washington in his early youth. He was recognized as an authority on books, and for many years collected the libraries for the public departments. Wash-

ington was a great whig city at that time, and Henry Clay was the idol of all Washington. Mr. Taylor was prominent among the stalwart old line whigs, and a warm personal friend of Clay and Fillmore. He was a strong supporter of the administration during the civil war, and the first person to lend a dollar to the government to carry on the war. His family still own the \$500 bond, signed by Lincoln and marked "A. No. 1." His three sons entered the military service; two still survive, viz., Rear Admiral H. C. Taylor and Major D. M. Taylor of the Ordnance Corps. His eldest daughter is the wife of Rear Admiral



Mr. Richard Wallach.

R. D. Evans, now commanding the Asiatic station. He was a man of strong character and marked individuality. He carried out some of his characteristic ideas in the arrangement of his book store. He would have no windows in his store front to display fancy articles. He said he had only books for sale, and they must be "books that are books." He kept no stationery, pens, ink or paper; no periodicals or newspapers. A bust of Walter Scott crowned the doorway of his book store. From his wide knowledge of books and literature, and his keen critical insight, his opinions and advice were in much request. Mr. Taylor died in Washington in July, 1873.

James C. McGuire, one of the most genial and kindly of men, lived on E street between 6th and 7th streets. He came to Washington from Pennsylvania in 1832. In

1855 he built a library and a picture gallery that was the finest collection then held in Washington. He was a charming host and his house, with its many objects of interest, was the center of attraction for visitors to Washington, especially for authors and actors of distinction. His visitors among the actors were Hackett, Murdock, Forrest and others of that date, with Hawthorne, William C. Rives, Louis Gaylord Clark, Conway, Cozzens and literary men interested in original manuscripts, of which he possessed a large number, particularly of Americana. Among the artists Brown, Ward, Kensett, Elliott and Leutze were frequent visitors.

With Cornelius Wendell he built the government printing office, and for several years bound the government publications and blank books. He was one of the original trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. He died here in August, 1888.

Frederic C. McGuire, his son, the curator of the Corcoran Gallery, is "a worthy chip of the old block" and a prime favorite in a large circle of friends. His wife, a daughter of Franck Taylor, inherits from her father a bright mind and fine critical and conversational powers.

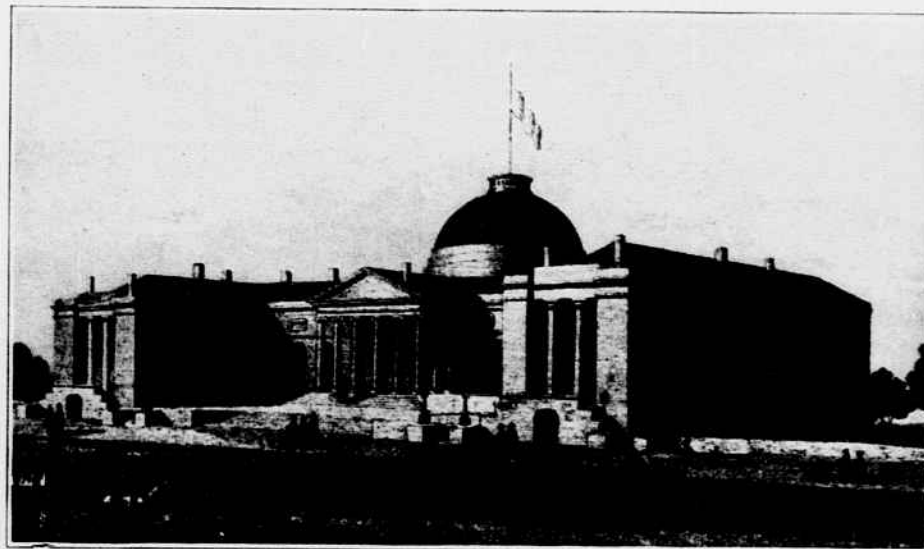
#### The Survivors in Washington Journalism.

Of the hundreds of journals started in Washington during its history only three daily papers now survive—the Post, the Times and The Star. The Post and the Times,—enterprising, ably edited and conducted, are, like The Star, here to stay,

by right of the "survival of the fittest."

In recent times a new style of journalism has sprung up. It has been styled "yellow journalism," but seems to display all the loud colors of the rainbow, with its red, green and blue inks; its crazy-quilt patchwork of gaudy pictures of freak-show monstrosities; its higglety-pigglety arrangement of news matter in all styles and sizes of type, inclosed in boxed compartments, and with every possible fantasticism of array calculated to catch the eye and distract the brain of the reader. For a time this lurid, hysterical kind of journalism seemed to carry everything before it, and to threaten to overwhelm and teetotally wipe out all the matter-of-fact newspaper workers in the field; but as the smoke of battle lifts it is seen that the sane, conservative journals still hold the fort. And they are not likely to be dislodged. The reading world is growing larger all the time, and the journalistic topsy-turvydom will always have a big street sale and attract the attention of a large class of casual readers.

But the clean, thoughtful, carefully edited family newspaper, run on the lines of The Star, that "prints all the news worth printing," with an orderly arrangement of news, editorial and advertising matter, so classified that the reader can readily find what he seeks, will always hold the confidence and enjoy the patronage of the great mass of the sensible, practical, thinking people of the community. And it will always maintain its hold in the affections of the family circle—in the homes of the people.



THE OLD CITY HALL.